

Sequachee Valley News.

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BILL DOOLEY'S LETTER.

There is more trouble in the Dooley family. One of the Dooleys was carelessly handling a bottle of Dooley's Liniment and dropped and broke it. Some of it happened to fly on his feet and legs and he started at once but his wife happened to be near enough to catch him by the hand and his little girl caught him by the other hand and they managed to hold him in the road until they reached Sequachee and got him on the train. His wife got the train men and some of the passengers to hold him until she could buy tickets to take them to Chattanooga. When they arrived in Chattanooga his wife got him on a back without much trouble. She had been engaged on the way rubbing the liniment off and had succeeded sufficiently to get him quieted down. She then had him conveyed to Fairmount where they will reside in the future. The said Dooley gives as his reason for making this move to try to improve his wife's health, which has not been good for some time. This might be one reason but the main object was to get near his father-in-law knowing that it will make it easier on him to furnish him his grub there than to have to pay the freight around to Sequachee, and that settles that.

And now a few words to Sweet Marie or Bill Dooley's Chum or Dock Miles. I would kindly ask the gentlemen before mentioned to look after the young man. He will probably try to introduce himself into the 22 caliber society as he is at a summer resort, and, having some good clothes he may try to make a favorable impression among strangers. When he left here he wore a stand up collar and a blue overall suit slightly run down at the heel. Now if you are a friend to your uncle William don't let him get out of your sight as I have heard that Conductor Clodpole is running his automobile daily from Fairmount to Chattanooga and he may swing onto it and get hurt. The rapidity with which conductor Clodpole operates his automobile makes it dangerous to swing onto the gable end of it. There are but few who know how he gets his lightning like locomotion and some foolish, unthankful people would doubt if they were told that the said Conductor Clodpole propels his automobile entirely with Dooley's Liniment and Clodpole says it won't be more than two years before all light machinery will be run with the liniment and gasoline and electricity will have to stand back like poor boys at a society gathering.

I think I will go out to Fairmount this summer and fish and hunt two weeks with Billy Lusk. Now William, have the tub full of water in some good shady place and the cat tied in the top of the apple tree.

I met an old friend in Sequachee at the post office a few days ago and after we had been together some time he said, "Bill, you must be a happy man. You always seem to be in good spirits and always look on the bright side of life and all ways write of the laughable incidents that fall across your path." How little one man knows what may be on a man's mind. Even if he does seem in good spirits there may be sadness in his heart. You cannot always judge by appearances every time. Every man experiences more or less sadness through life. Sadness is the foundation on which all other phases of life depend. They should realize the fact that after passing through all frivolous and light hearted moments of life, after laughing and smiling and basking in the sunshine of love and happiness the human heart is as sure to come back to the old foundation of sadness as dark night

is to come at the close of a bright summer day. But the majority in their innocence imagine that none are so sad and unhappy as themselves. They have been taught that man should be happy and contented and lay all the blame of their sadness on their inability to keep up a cheerful and happy heart. So you see it would do to form a hasty conclusion. If you meet a man with a frown on his arm don't take it for granted that he has a horse inside of him. Conclusions formed hastily are great deceivers if not well considered. So it would be safe to assure them that they are no worse off than the rest of us. They tell me that a great sad sea underlies all the best literature of ancient Greece. Homer brooded over leaves swept hither and thither by the wind and likened them to the destinies of the passing generation of men. Virgil was ever doubtful of the ultimate doom of humanity and skeptical, mocking Horace was saddened by the conscious approach of the two eternities and their intermingling as one after he had been crushed between them as the inevitable fate of all who lived before his time.

Goethe's worship of sorrow and melancholy sadness is the soul of his best literary productions and all through the scripture and the literature of other religions there seems to be a vein of sadness and melancholy mystery on which shadows of gloomy uncertainty men have pictured the awe-inspiring threatening form of their God whose face can only be seen through the dim light of hope.

We try over and over again to make ourselves believe that life is a joyous affair but we can not banish from our every conscious moment that under all our fleeting joys there is a wave of infinite sadness, infinite uncertainty, infinite melancholy and gloom. We may laugh a little, sing a little, love a little, hate a little, aspire to a misérable little political power and patriotic glory but all the while we are drifting down the narrow channel between the two eternities, fully conscious that in a little while the channel will come to an abrupt end and leave us only God knows where.

BILL DOOLEY.

ASLEEP ON THE TRACK.

James Smith, Blacksmith, Receives Fatal Injuries on Jasper Branch of N. C. & St. L. Near Bridgeport.

BRIDGEPORT, Ala., Apr. 21.—James Smith, a blacksmith, arriving this morning on No. 3, from Indian Territory on his way to his former home at South Pittsburg, was struck by engine No. 76 of the N. C. & St. L. railway, Engineer R. L. McCollom, about one mile from Bridgeport, on the Jasper branch about 9 o'clock a. m.

Mr. Smith had been to Tom Sharp's livery stable and had made arrangements to be carried to South Pittsburg, but changed his mind and walked. He sat down on some railroad ties near a stock gap. He sat his grip and a bottle of whiskey by him and evidently went to sleep and never heard the whistle or train approaching. His injuries are considered fatal.

Like Present Pay System.

WHITWELL, Tenn., Apr. 22.—In a conversation with J. F. Bowden, a very prominent man in mining affairs of District No. 19, Mr. Bowden refuted the statement that the miners were dissatisfied with the two weeks pay system. He said it was proving a blessing to the miners, giving them as it did an opportunity to get out of debt and would be held to rigorously. He refused to say anything regarding the coming settlement in July.

A Dandy for Burns.

Dr. Hergin, Pana, Ill., writes: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment, always recommended it to my friends, as I am confident there is no better made. It is a dandy for burns." Those who live on farms are especially liable to many accidental cuts, burns, bruises, which heal rapidly when Ballard's Snow Liniment is applied. It should always be kept in the house for cases of emergency. 35c, 50c, \$1.00 a bottle. For sale by Sequachee Supply Store, Whitwell Drug Co.

UNCLE JOE'S LETTER.

Written for the News.

A great deal has been said about Wm. B. Bate and Benton McMillin of late and perhaps as much or more than the public likes, but in my ignorant mind something keeps me wanting to say something and if the kindness characteristic of our editor will allow, I will ask a few questions and would like some one who is able to do so to answer them.

I want to say that I am not personally acquainted with either of the gentlemen nor do I feel any anxiety to be for I well know neither of them would like to be thus honored. I want to ask

1st. Who is Wm. B. Bate?

2nd. Has he been senator for years?

3rd. Why should he be kept in the Senate?

4th. Why should old soldiers be kept in fat jobs all their lives?

I will say that if Bate ever did any great deeds for his country it must have been in war for there is no record since, and I don't believe a man has any right to ask honors for simply doing his duty or because a Yankee shot him. That was what he was there for—to shoot or be shot, and I guess he was then like he has been in the Senate, too slow, and the Yankee got ahead of him.

Now I don't care much which one gets to the Senate but it is a foolish practice to perpetuate office for a whole generation to any one and especially one whose name you never hear except when some other hungry cuss tries to snatch his chunk of Uncle Sam's cake.

We do know that Gov. Benton McMillin has made as good a governor as Tennessee has ever had. He is a man of great executive talent and we might, at least, not forget he was in the senate.

I like men like Pitchfork Tilman and John A. Moon who are not afraid to try to do something whether they can or not.

I think it very poor encouragement for voters to have nothing but the cry of "Oh, I was wounded in our civil war," to urge them to vote for the man.

Thousands of just as good men as Bate were killed from their families of little children and not as much as decent burial, and thousands were wounded and never have their names been mentioned as Senators, much less going there.

I would be afraid if I were the friends of Bate to sing such stuff as "old soldier" to intelligent people.

I believe we should respect old soldiers sufficiently. I also think Bate has been and McMillin, too, and I don't see that we are under any obligations to either of them but I suppose one of them will be our next senator and I hope the who gets it will improve on past records.

I'd rather be most anything. (Excepting cranks and crooks.) As one who tramps the country o'er As agent for some books.

I'd rather be a whiskey man With nothing fit to sell, And feel that I and all my stuff Just ought to be in Hell.

I'd rather be a hotel man And have a bill of fare Of nothing but the toughest meat And bread you couldn't tear.

I'd rather be a dairy man, And selling water straight Because old Daisy, Dink and Speck Were lying out of late.

I'd rather be a foppish dude, Who walks about the town; My wife at home with all the kids, And not a decent gown.

I'd rather be most anything, Without regard to looks, As one who tramps the country o'er And sells old trashy books.

UNCLE JOE.

Makes a Clean Sweep.

There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by the Whitwell Drug Co.

The News is only 50c a year. Read it.

PETROS.

Special to the News.

The Woman's Missionary Society met at the M. E. Church Thursday afternoon and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. F. J. Lee, president; Mrs. Nellie Joyner, 1st Vice President; Mrs. Mattie Broner, 2nd Vice President; Mrs. Dr. Gott, Secretary and Treasurer. Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Dr. Gott were appointed to represent the Society in the annual missionary convention at Spring City in May. The pastor, Rev. J. M. Jimsen was present and made an encouraging talk to the ladies. He was loud in his praise of the growth and enthusiastic work of the Society during the past year. At an early date the Society will entertain at the church with an old time spelling bee. Refreshments will be served and the proceeds used for the benefit of the church.

Rev. Cassidy held quarterly meeting here last Sunday.

A special train brought a delegation from Chattanooga to assist in instituting a K. of P. lodge at the new state hall.

Marie Gott has recovered from a spell of lagrippe.

Claude Metcalf has the measles.

Craig Rawlins visited at Dr. Gott's Sunday.

Marry Nable, of Mio, Mich., is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Gus Williams.

Mrs. W. H. Walker has returned from a visit to friends in Harrison.

M. L. Monroe was in Harrison Thursday.

Col. W. T. Murry was in Chattanooga last week.

Miss Myrtle Boyd, of Tavern, was in town Thursday.

Miss Emma Williams is visiting her grandparents at Wartburg.

KELLY'S FERRY.

Special to the News.

Visiting is the order of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Anderson were the guests of their parents Saturday and Sunday.

John and Elie Richey spent Sunday with their brother, E. F. Richey.

Miss Julia McNabb spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Ethel McNabb.

J. C. Foster went to Chattanooga Monday to ride the steamer, Joe Wheeler, back Tuesday.

Joe Hartman was all smiles Sunday.

Jas. Newsome made a flying trip to Indian Tuesday.

Miss Nora Richey spent Saturday night with her sons, Misses May and Lizzie Newsome.

Mr. O. J. Fry was in our vicinity Sunday.

R. J. Massie was the guest of Mr. Anderson Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Massie spent Sunday eve with Mrs. Hartman.

Will Cureton spent Sunday with Tom Sexton.

Charley McNabb looked pleased Sunday. He had just come home from Al-bion view to see his best girl.

Heard Newsome is very low at this writing but we hope to hear of his being better soon.

Mrs. Richey spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister Mrs. Mattie Hartman.

Miss Bettie Pryor looked sad Sunday as "somebody" was not along. Bill.

DUNLAP'S GREAT LOSS.

Only Prisoner in Jail Pushes Door Down and Escapes.

DUNLAP, Tenn., April 23.—Alex Cato, the only prisoner that the jail here boasted, broke down the front door last night while no one else was at the place and made his escape. At the last term of court Cato was sentenced for cattle stealing and was in jail pending an appeal in supreme court.

Member of Road Commission.

JASPER, April 23.—Capt. John Frater, of Victoria, was here Saturday to accept a position on the Board of Road Commission, made vacant by the resignation of Capt. J. G. Lankester, whose interests with the Chattanooga Bridge Company necessitate his giving up his position on the commission. Capt. Frater will prove a valuable man on the commission as he has many practical ideas on the subject.

Party.

Miss Agnes Lassar entertained a number of her friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brown Friday evening. Various games were played and varying excitement, and all voted the evening very enjoyable. Those present were Misses Georgia Morris, Agnes Milbrandt, True Randle, Anna Deakins and Louise Hill; Messrs. W. S. Pryor, H. E. Tate, Walter Randle, Chas. Randle, Gus Hopkins and W. C. Hill.

NOTICE.

I will be in Sequachee Friday of each week. All desiring dental work may call on me at the Hotel Marion. Will be at Jasper Mondays. N. R. MOORE, Dentist.

DELPHI, TENN.

Special to the News.

I will try to write just one more time. I guess I had better give the space I occupy to some one more competent than I for I always fear that I can't say anything of interest.

We've had a long winter, but there was shucks enough left over to make some of the girls a nice hat. Sum up the girls undertook a horse-back ride the other day but they had to let the horses go where they wanted to for it took both hands to keep the shucks on their heads.

Mr. Moses Deakins and three of his sons were at our post office last Thursday evening.

Sum folks has planted corn.

Messrs. Ed and Frank Deakins cum to Delphi the other day.

Will Lane is handing out Arbuckle at Heard & Von Roar's store.

Clay Deakins from across the creek, passed through Delphi yesterday.

Ab Layne is measuring caliker at H. C. Farmer's store.

Than Deakins gets his mail at M. E. G.'s postoffice.

Sum time ago a feller picked a hair off my sleeve, right in a crowd and stretched it out slowly so that everybody could see that it was too long for mine, & me or widerer. It was calculated to make folks form unreasoning opinions. I told them the wind must have drive it there, for I did not get close enough to ladies to get it off of them. At first I felt like I wanted to use one of his years fur choon gum. But I sized him up, tuk in the situation & thought up that good old adage: "Prudence is the better part of valor," and so I just grinned & endured it. But to prove it to the crowd I told a little incident that occurred a few days before that. You know that the Bible says our hairs are all numbered. Well I had a curiosity in seeing the Nos. on my hair. So I tuk a microscope & looked at two or three hairs and made no discovery. Then I remembered that my head had been shaven many times, an uv course the Nos. had been cut away long since. Then I remembered it was a shame for a woman's head to be shaven. So I soon found a woman whose hair at a distance looked nice and long. I knowed how ladies generally treated me but I had the audacity to holler and tell her what I was trying to do and I axed her in as perlit manner as I knowed how, to let me try my glass on her hair. Well, I felt from her talk that I wouldn't feel welcome so I never got any closer. One of her hairs couldn't git on me unless it was blowed there.

I guess you have heard of one Rev. Sam P. Jones. Well he has preached about and a heap. Well he tuk a notion to have a little respite from his labor. So he chose a place away up this valley twenty-five miles from here among the mountains where the air and water was pure. He told the citizens that if they would get him up a real simon-pure, aristocratic audience he would talk for them one night last week. Tha put the admission fee so hi that no one can't afford to pa only them who had a good hold on cornucopia. I low that if I could have looked in on that audience I would not have seen any in vile rament. If I was flourishin like the "Green Bay Tree" I would not pay any such a price. Why pa any more fer men's talk than wimen's? Most men could sta at home & here women talk cheaper than that. Of course it would take a good deal of forbearance but that is not payin out the muneey. Furbearance is a virtue a few men may have but sometimes it ceases to be a virtue. Some wimins tongues is tide hard & fast in the middle. I always plead in favor of the women. I can't see how tha can be so beautiful, so sweet and so angelic when I consider the material tha was made uv. God himself had a little chat with her one evening out in the garden. He also talked with

the serpent, and told him how he would have to travel for beguiling the woman. I don't know how he got about before that. I hope St. John or some angel will reveal it to me some time. Sum wimen like to resort to the garden to this day when the right sort of company is at their house. Yours, etc.

PETER HAUNCH.

LET.

Special to the News.

Visiting is the order of the day. Bill Boyd visited friends near Lot Sunday.

There was preaching at this place Sunday evening by Rev. Clonce.

Bro. Chas. Holder began a meeting at Centre Point Sunday evening. Several went from this place and Mrs. Cynthia Boyd and Miss Edna Standifer stayed to attend a few days.

Quite a number were visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Brown Sunday. They were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Standifer, Mr. G. W. Collier and wife, and also Arthur Turner, Chas. Standifer and Bob Brown.

Pat Craig took dinner with his best girl Sunday and he came back with a smile on his face as long as a fence rail.

Arthur Turner and sister, Miss Belle, called at Miss Annie Standifer's Friday night. They had music and played flinch.

Mrs. Van Rains and her two charming daughters visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roberson near Pikeville.

Poke Roberson, of near College, is very sick with is grippo.

Little Nellie Mae Brown happened to accidentally cut her finger very badly.

Mrs. Ella Brown and daughter, took dinner at Mrs. Standifer's the other day and she reported having onions, mustard and lettuce for dinner.

I heard Arthur Turner picking the banjo the other night. Wonder what girl he was playing for. You will have to ask him.

I heard that Pat Craig and Alfred Standifer called on some girls the other night. Wonder if they got home alright.

Miss Tessie Boyd's fellow came to see her Sunday eve and I reckon he had a good time for he went off whistling.

I read an awfully sweet letter the other day. I wonder if he meant what he said in it.

Mrs. Martha Lamb called on Mrs. Mary Standifer the other day.

Miss Belle Turner had a quilting last Tuesday. Those present were Messdames D. Boyd, Ernest Turner, Claude Lamb and Misses Ada Hitchcock, Annie Standifer, Tessie Boyd and Lula Turner. All report a good time.

Mr. Edwin Boyd who has been in school at Bridgeport, returned home Monday night. Lou and Cora.

HICKORY GROVE.

Special to the News.

Several attended church at Looney's Creek Sunday from this place also Sunday night. Mrs. Sarah Grayson went to Whitwell Thursday.

Several from this place took in the show at Whitwell last week.

Mrs. Brock and daughter called on Miss Mother Vandergriff Sunday.

Rev. Angel, wife and daughter visited Washington Pickett's Friday and from the looks of his buggy something more substantial.

Mrs. Sarah Grayson made a short call at her father's Sunday.

Misses Lucretia and Lula Pickett, Lillie Grayson and Ethel Grayson went to Whitwell Tuesday and reported a nice time.

Lewis Powell is very ill at this writing.

Joe Grayson went to Whitwell Sunday to see his mother who is very sick.

Misses Mary and Jessie Ridge visited Miss Esther Vandergriff Sunday.

Miss Lucretia Pickett called on Miss Esther Vandergriff Sunday.

There will be preaching at Hickory Grove Sunday afternoon. Every one come and bring somebody with them.

R. C. Pickett and wife visited at Wash Pickett's Sunday.

Miss Sarah Pickett was in Whitwell Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Mary Brock went to Whitwell Saturday, likewise Jacob Vandergriff.

If you want to see Lee Smith smiles just ask him about having his fortune told.

For fear of the waste basket I will ring off.

Cures Coughs and Colds.

Mrs. C. Peterson, 625 Lake St., Topeka, Kansas, says: "Of all cough remedies Hallard's Horehound Syrup is my favorite. It has done and will do all that is claimed for it—to speedily cure all coughs and colds—and it is so sweet and pleasant to the taste." 35c, 50c, \$1.00 a bottle.

For sale by Sequachee Supply Store and Whitwell Drug Co.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beane's Signature of J. C. H. H. H. H.